

# The Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1913.

## TURN ON THE LIGHT.

Richmond wants the facts in the Bolling controversy. It wants the entire situation opened up and aired. It is not going to pass a snap judgment on the case between some members of the Administrative Board and the City Engineer. It is going to pass judgment, and strict, stern judgment, finally, but right now the people are asking for information.

Meanwhile, certain elements in the case are plain. One is that the community is not going to tolerate the nagging of any man out of office. Mr. Bolling has been nagged. We believe his present action due to this nagging. His formal resignation contains no reason for his retirement other than a desire to relieve himself of a too-heavy burden. It is the duty of both Mr. Bolling and the board to make quite clear the nature and cause of this burden.

Again, The Times-Dispatch pointed out, almost the first month of the board's control, that fully half of its work was being referred to the Engineer's office. There has certainly been a strain on the organization by this increase of duties. The board complains that its requests are not answered promptly. But when Mr. Bolling explained the needs of his office and the improvements necessary, he was not given the full authority to enlarge it to meet the new demands, but it was moved that a member of the board, Mr. Beck, join with him in this task. We presume Mr. Beck could have helped. But the principle involved rightly justified the City Engineer's refusal. Either he was efficient enough to handle the office, or, if inefficient, he should be removed. The charge of inefficiency has not been proved, yet he has practically been removed.

Once more, if politics begins to take a hand in the city work that requires technical ability and training, then we face a catastrophe. Technical work improperly done sooner or later means loss of life or property. Richmond wants the best engineering skill, properly paid, and put under the full responsibility. It wants no interference with the functions of a *deliberate* position by politicians and experimenters.

Finally, the Administrative Board is on trial. It is always on trial, but especially so in the matter of appointments and the control of the departments. In the first big appointment, that of Building Inspector, the board made a mistake. It did not fulfill its obligation to give the city the best man possible for the money. Now, the board must justify whatever it does by one single criterion: the good of the entire city. It must make plain the precise reasons for any action it may take, and prove to the hilt that it is helping Richmond and not its own members. Any attempt to build up a political machine at the expense of efficiency and justice to a city servant will bring sure retaliation from the people.

## THE DAY OF TRIAL.

The Democratic party yesterday passed into its baptism of fire. The real beginning of the Wilson administration came when Congress assembled in extraordinary session to deal with an extraordinary situation. Tariff revision is the first and the hardest task of the majority, but the country is ready for rational reduction. "Unhappily and steadily downward." A scaling down on import duties is certain. The only question to be determined is how deep the knife is to go. A fair balance between many conflicting interests is to be struck, but it is well-nigh impossible to attain the golden mean. That is the gist of the whole matter.

The sort of revision ordered by the American people is exclusion and not execution. Our system of tariff duties is not to be destroyed, but altered. The Democratic proposal does not contemplate free trade, but the imposition and collection of duties for the necessities of government honestly and economically administered—a tariff for revenue only. So long as our system of import duties endures, it will embody what it has always embodied—a substantial measure of just protection. The Democratic obligation is to see to it that in its revised tariff there shall be no quarter for extortion and to take from the system monopoly, privilege and plunder. The tariff will must be lowered so that monopoly cannot escape death by hiding behind it.

Actual relief to the people is the test of tariff revision. The Democratic party must cut duties so that real reduction will result. Only by materially lowering many duties on imported products of consumption can the cost of living be diminished sufficiently to impress favorably and lastingly the people of the country. Theoretical revision means nothing to them. Cheaper clothing and cheaper food do.

The Underwood bill establishes a maximum above which the rates to be fixed in future legislation should not be advanced. With them as a basis,

the Democratic party, in the exercise of its full power, should, as far as possible, and as rapidly as possible, remove the tariff burdens from the consuming masses. No duty should be left upon any of the necessities of life nor upon any of the important raw materials of manufacture. Articles competing with trust-controlled products of American manufacture which are sold in foreign more cheaply than in domestic markets should and will go upon the free list.

The high cost of living is due in great degree to high tariff laws, which beget and foster unlawful combinations in restraint of healthy competition. The monopolistic creatures of the high protective system must be the objective of the common assault. Privilege is a greater enemy of the people than was protection. The process of destroying the protective system, root, trunk and branch, will be long, but the hour is at hand when monopoly must summarily be brought to time and its power broken. Freedom of competition must be restored.

If Congress courageously, sanely and effectively revises the tariff, it will command and it will receive the support and gratitude of the American people. Upon its endeavor to reduce the cost of living through tariff revision hangs the fate of the Democratic party.

## THE ARMY IN OVERALLS.

Sometimes hidden in the routine news of the day is a chance phrase full of romance and a rushing suggestion of the real things in life. Such is a paragraph telling what President George W. Stevens, of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, thinks of the army of men in overalls that put back the tracks and rebuilt the bridges after the floods had torn up traffic over hundreds of miles. Thus reads the news:

"President Stevens paid a splendid tribute to the men of the construction gangs that worked in the water and stood all kinds of exposure. With a military precision and without a murmur, they worked like Trojans."

"There is not much for big headlines and pictures about this work. It is just bitter, harsh, cold, straining toil to get the track back and put the trains through. Nobody writes interviews with the man who gets a couple of dollars a day. There is no black-face type for the heroism of hard work on the job. Kipling has written something of the glory of the bridge builders, and how brave men fight the waters that threaten to leave them starving and isolated. But in all the clamor of the flood news, this brief and poetical opinion of Mr. Stevens is all we have read about the laborers."

Yet they are the true relief corps. Everything else has to come over the roadbed they make safe. They get no medals of honor or pensions, yet they fight battle after battle against the sliding earth and the rushing water. Then, when the through passenger rushes by, and the long freight growls up the grade with food and clothing and comfort, they drag wearily to the bunk-house, and find solace in the black tobacco and long sleep that combined seem to have built the nation.

Some of them die from wounds as noble as any ever won by a forlorn hope. Some of them are crippled for life, and nobody becomes sentimental pneumonia and rheumatism are their chums. Bad whiskey is their family. Profanity and fighting are their amusements.

They are not gentlemen. They come from the underworld and melt back into the hordes of unknown. Yet, guided by their big timbered, school-trained chiefs, the engineers, they are real men! Here's to the lads who put the track back, and get the trains through, and risk life for the glory of the job.

## A NEW TIME AND PLACE FOR READING.

Golden moments we waste every day and never think of it. We who work complain that we have no time for reading, but is it true? Why cannot we spend our time on street cars and between the acts at the theatres in reading something worth while? There are hundreds of small and inexpensive volumes of the world's best literature, wit, humor, pathos, romance, wisdom, instruction and information. There are newspapers, reviews, magazines, tracts and pamphlets that can easily be carried in one's pocket and read between getting on and off the cars or while blank-minded women are preening and staring at each other in the playhouse. Consider the people of Boston and other large cities, who occupy themselves usefully at such times and in such places with newspaper, magazine or book. Is there any wonder that the average clerk or stenographer in such cities knows more about everything than some people elsewhere do about anything? Let us convert the street cars into moving reading rooms and make the theatre during intermissions seem a public library instead of a neck-cracking arena. If we read more and talked less, we should be much better off. That is as true of people as it is of newspapers.

## MONTENEGRO'S DEFIANCE.

Montenegro appeals to the world, and has a case against the powers, at the bar of justice, civilization, humanity and defensible retribution. Such is the contention in the defiance of the powers by King Nicholas, which is an impressive blending of dignity, spirit of lofty patriotism, and sadness. And the contention is sustained by history, fact and of the present making.

In an interview with a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, referring to the "condemnation" of his stubbornness in respect of the capture of Scutari, and chain to the stronghold as a rightful Montenegrin spoil of the war, King Nicholas said: "That the world forgets that my subjects must retain that fertile land belonging to the Zeta Valley, if we are to go on

living. It is a matter of life or death. Modern conditions demand industry and agriculture." Next, declaring that the time had come when the Montenegrins must beat their swords into plowshares or perish, and having asked his interviewer how maize and wheat could be grown out of rocks, "for over three centuries," he resumed, "the Turk occupied the best part of those domains, which belonged to our ancestors. Ever since we have been trying to get them back," he urged. "I and my people mean to keep the land we have retaken during the war. We mean to take Scutari, which is the key to that land, and we mean to keep it." And again, "Scutari was ours before the Turks took it from us."

Here the aged King made pathetic allusion to the fact that his own immediate ancestors, the ancestors of his dynasty, were buried in the besieged city, in churches built by them, and continued: "Once the Turk is beaten and driven out of Europe, the land which we reconquered, which they took from us when they were strong enough to do so, must belong to us. We ask nothing more; we are but fighting to keep our own." That cannot be gainsaid.

In another interview, after giving details of what the war had already cost Montenegro in blood and money, His Majesty indignantly exclaimed against the course of the powers as an "outrage," which was only permissible because, "we are weak and powerless against the united strength of Europe. We have done our part in liberating the Serbs from Turkish tyranny; we have won freedom for the Albanians; but we also desire life beyond our barren mountains." All he asked was justice, he affirmed, in conclusion.

As we have indicated, history, past and of the present making, sustains Montenegro. It vindicates the King's indictment. There are no braver or inherently finer people in all Europe than the Montenegrins; none deserving of more sympathy; none more sinned against, or whose sins are more of the making of those who have sought to subjugate them, and have forced them to eke out a bare existence amid their mountain crags, from tending their flocks and herds and from their "gardens a yard square." In the Middle Ages Montenegro was a part of the great Serbian empire or kingdom.

After the fatal day of Kusa, which dismembered that power and brought the Serbs under the Turkish yoke, the Montenegrins, with their prince, who was of the royal blood of Serbia, maintained their independence, though compelled to abandon the lands about Scutari and confine themselves to their mountain fastnesses. These latter they have held ever since, unconquered and unconquerable, and perforce of circumstances able to make little or no progress in modern civilization or in education. In the time of Peter the Great they were taken under the protection of Russia, by which they were granted a subsidy on condition that they harry the Turks, and the pact they have kept, both in good faith to their patron and on their own account to the end set forth by King Nicholas.

In truth, in justice and in right, Montenegro's defiance is only a demand for what is her own, what Christendom owes her as a bulwark against which the wave of Islamic conquest has vainly dashed itself time and again for generations, and what is essential to the progress of enlightenment and civilization. Her position, as defined by her King, her claim, as defended by him, no less in the light of the moral obligation devolving upon the powers than that of history, are unassailable. Nor do we believe that when it comes to the final test the powers will dare go further than their naval "demonstration." If Montenegro persists in refusing to yield and in her determination not to halt until she and her Serbian allies have reduced Scutari, and Austria-Hungary attempts to make good her threat of armed intervention, the next demonstration will probably be a diplomatic one against the latter power, led by Russia and supported by a Russian tentative challenge to war.

All other considerations apart, Russian Pan-Slavic sentiment at home will not permit an Austro-Hungarian wedge to divide the Slavic integers of the Balkans, which Russia still dreams of becoming the leader of, when they shall have been assembled in a compact, unified confederation of power. The absence of a Russian ship from the demonstration, and the popular voice of sympathy with Montenegro echoed in the Russian press, testify as much. These signs and portents cannot be lost on the triple entente.

Have they put Congress on benches so Schoolmaster Wilson will feel at home?

The address you want to remember is where to send that flood relief subscription.

The special session might well begin its reforms by cutting K out of the tariff alphabet.

First thing we knew the people of Richmond will be petitioning Highland Park to be annexed. That impudent burg has gone ahead and arranged to have band concerts in the summer while Richmond meditates solemnly on the matter.

Will the Secretary of State want to get into the tariff fight on the ground that it is an international question?

Richmond geography. What is a corporation line? A quite imaginary one that does not surround the people it should surround.

The chief lesson of the Conference for Education in the South is that the South needs a special conference.



This picture is NOT an exaggeration. One ignorant and criminally careless man can scatter millions of disease germs in a day. The public should protect itself against poison by preventing disease-spreading coughing, spitting and sneezing in public places.

## On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

The Office-Seekers.  
I am the office-seeker.  
I flatter and I smirk,  
I want a soft position;  
I do not like to work.

I've done naught for my country.  
I never went to war;  
But it owes me a living.  
That's what a country's for.

It matters not what party  
Wins out and takes the game,  
I think that I'm entitled  
To some job, just the same.

I'm always in the forefront  
And that bet that's best.  
Of course there may be others,  
But I'm the champion pest.

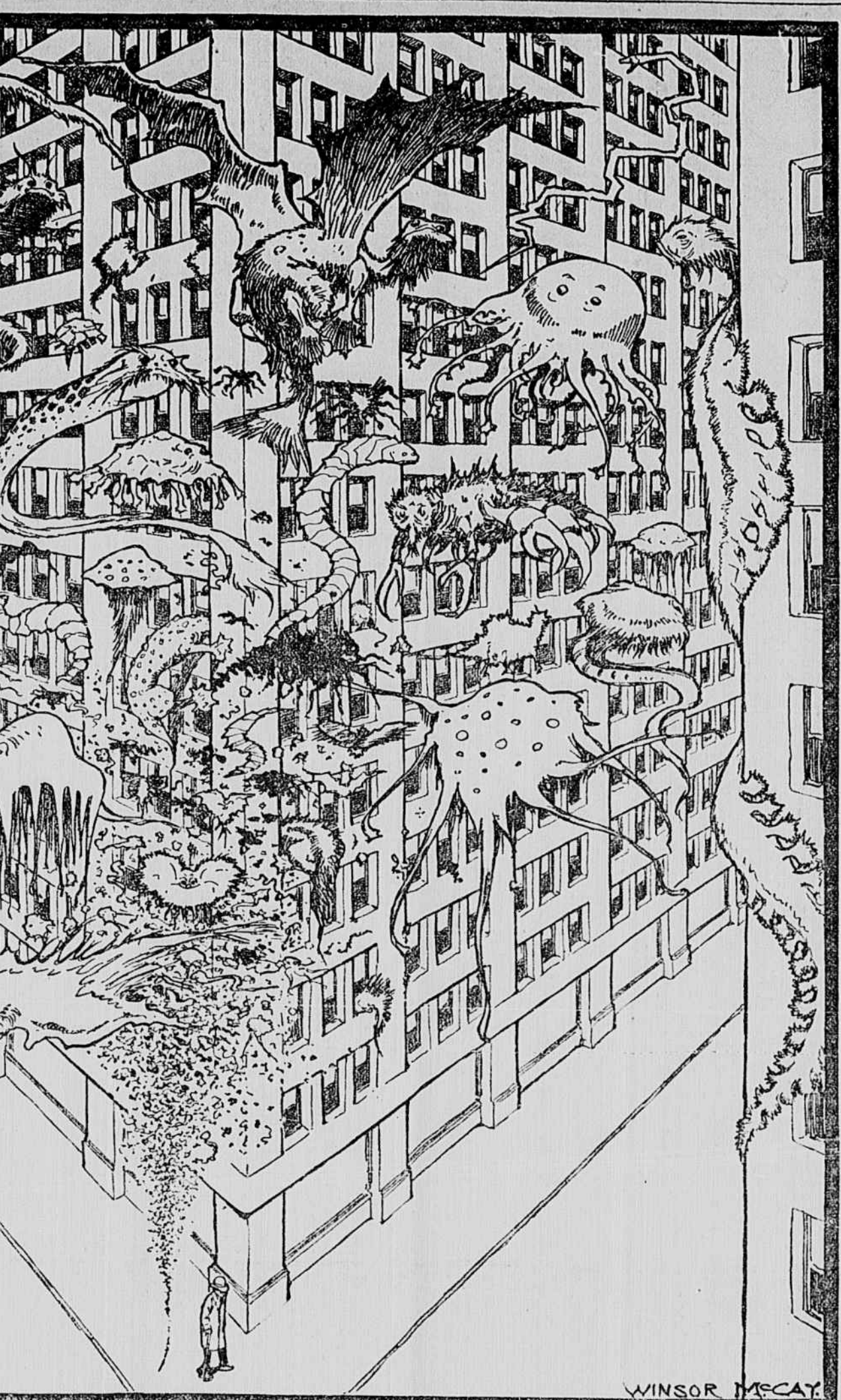
From the Hickoryville Clarion.  
Miss Euphemia Perkins, our poetess of passion, announces her engagement to Lemuel Spruce, of West Hickoryville, the well-known livery, feed and sales stables proprietor of that erudite centre of intellect and garden spot of the earth. Miss Perkins is losing no time in making this announcement and, in fact, she does not intend to ask him to marry her until next week. Eligible young men are scarce in this

## Abe Martin



The poorer a family is the more ferocious its watch dog seems. 'T be a feller rarely recovers from nearly getting the nomination for somethin'.

## HOW MEN POISON EACH OTHER



WINSOR MCCAY

section. She does not think he will have the nerve to refuse her after reading the announcement. No perfect friend would do that.

A man with aeroplane ears somehow evaded our vigilant and watchful, though courteous and obliging butler, and entered our sanctum sanctorum the other day for the purpose of interesting us in a whip socket for automobiles.

The contrivance is of his own invention, and serves as an ornament as well as having its useful qualifications. When not used for the whip it can be used for cigar ashes, or it makes a good place to keep a bouquet of beautiful flowers.

It is believed this is the only automobile appliance that does not cost money to run. Most of the appliances use up so much power that there isn't any power left to run the car itself, but this whip socket does not. It looked to us like a good thing, but we were unable to buy any stock in the enterprise, as we had just spent our last loose \$10,000 for a hundred shares of stock in a company that is getting a right of way for a wireless telegraph line.

There never were so many good, life-long Democrats in this country as there are at the present time.

Those Foolish Anniversaries.  
"Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Popdoodle request your presence at a reception to be held in honor of the fifth anniversary of Mr. Popdoodle's operation for gall stones, Friday afternoon, April eleven, one thousand nine hundred and thirteen."

"Mr. and Mrs. Lycurgus W. Ostermoor requests the honor of your presence at a dinner party to be held at their home Saturday evening, April 12, the tenth anniversary of the occasion upon which Mrs. Ostermoor recovered her false teeth, which she had lost in a restaurant on Monroe Avenue."

"Mr. and Mrs. Josephus H. Julep request the pleasure of your presence upon a dinner party to be held at their home, Julep Villa, Friday evening, April 11, in honor of the sixteenth anniversary of their trip to Chicago to hear grand opera, R. S. V. P. Pull dress."

## As Others See Us

Open Up a Fertile Field.  
The Richmond Times-Dispatch has recently moved into its new home in the capital city. The Dispatch was founded in 1850, and during the many years that have passed since then it has made constant growth, and has been in the lead in adopting modern methods. No money was spared in the effort to make it a great paper. In 1903 the Dispatch was consolidated

with its great rival, the Richmond Times, and since that time it has been known as The Times-Dispatch. Some of the ablest newspaper men of the country have at various times been at the head of its editorial department. In its new quarters, with its new presses and typesetting machinery, and all that can be used to make a great paper, it is better equipped for its work than ever before. "It is a newspaper that all can enjoy, and its news is correctly given, fresh and complete. It deserves a large patronage in this great Valley, and would have it if our mail facilities were better. We receive the Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York papers at 1 o'clock P. M., but the Richmond papers do not arrive until 8 o'clock P. M. Our people would like to have our own State papers, if they could be had in time. It seems to us it is up to the Richmond papers to see that this fertile field is opened to them. We in the Valley are cut off from our capital city in every way, because of the railroads, and can get to the cities named above with less trouble and in nearly every case in shorter time than we can reach Richmond. This great, rich Valley buys much and sells much more, but our business is done outside the State, because the railroads have so decreed. We wonder why the Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade and the newspapers of our capital do not look into this matter and bring about a change by which the richest part of the State could come into business and social relations with the capital—Edinburgh Sentinel.

"A Splendid Journal."  
A "house warming" for a newspaper may not be an innovation, but surely such events are few and far, very far, between. So the reception given last week by the Richmond Times-Dispatch, one of the best papers in the country, was of more than ordinary interest. The Times-Dispatch last week gave an elaborate coming-out affair, with the public as its guests, in honor of its new home, which, according to pictures, both of interior and exterior, is an imposing structure and one elaborately and costly equipped. The South in general and the Virginia metropolis in particular are lucky in possessing such a splendid journal. The Times-Dispatch has one of the best staffs in the South.—Wilmington Dispatch.

## Voice of the People

Does It Put a Premium on Crime?  
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: "Sir,—Relative to your editorial, 'Human Reclamation,' will say that after forty years of life as a poor and hard-working individual, having in all that time obeyed the laws, paid my debts, supported myself, and never tasted whiskey, I am tempted to try and get to Oregon and commit some branch of the law and enter the ranks of the happy, picknicking road workers, who are looked upon as heroes by the farmers' wives, fed and entertained by them, but who would chase the unemployed, or 'tramp,' away from their door without food or shelter. Surely a premium is put upon crime and the criminal."  
F. N. GORMAN.

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